





COCKERS

N^o 1641

URANIA:

OR, THE

Scholars Delight.

CONTAINING

Four and Twenty times Four and Twenty
SENTENTIOUS DISTICKS OF VERSES
in Alphabetical Order.

Fitted for WRITING-MASTERS
to set their LEARNERS for COPIES,
in all the Curious HANDS they TEACH.

And for LATIN-MASTERS, being proper THEMES
for their Scholars to turn into LATIN.

A WORK purposely Composed for the benefit of all
Publick and Private SCHOOLS.

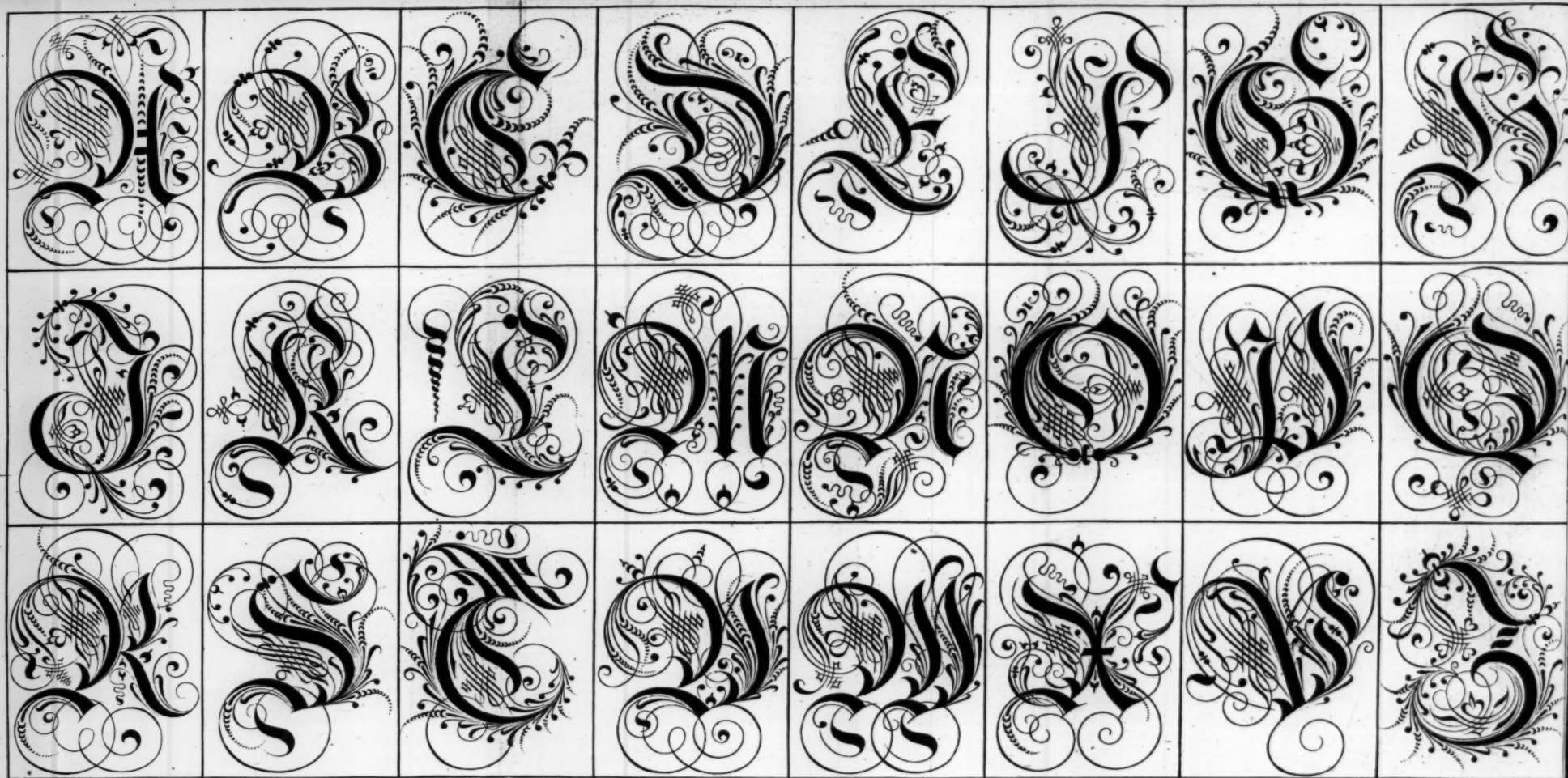
By EDWARD COCKER,

Practitioner in the ARTS of WRITING, ARITHMETICK,
and ENGRAVING.

Varietas delectat.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. R. for Tho. Rooks at the Lamb and Ink-bottle in Gresham
Colledge in the second yard, where you may have all sorts of Cocker's
Copy-Books, Bonds, Bills, Licenses, large Indentures for Leases,
Text and Rul'd, Indentures for Apprentices,
and the best Ink for Records.



A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z E. Cocke

A

ALI Rules of Life CHRIST's Life doth comprehend,
Who That most imitate shall least offend.

All the true Glory men can purchase here,
Is only to be found in *Virtues* Sphere.

A Front sublime God unto man hath given,
Wherewith to view His Habitation *Heaven*.

Art rarifies the Soul, lends Reason wings,
And doth extract the Quintessence of things.

As empty Vessels make the loudest sound,
So they act least who most in words abound.

Affect not skin-deep Beauties tempting shrine,
Unless within there's something more divine.

As more and more our Understanding clears,
So more and more our Ignorance appears.

Ask Mammonists what is more sweet than honey,
More worth than Heaven? and they will answer, *Money*.

Art to the radiant Firmament extends,
And to the Center of the Earth descends.

Ascend not to the Spheres and Orbs above,
But in thine own below learn how to move.

Ambition, Lust, and Avarice, three Witches,
Have three brave Daughters, Honour, Pleasure, Riches.

As Eagles in the Ayre, Ships in the Sea,
So worldly Riches fly and swim away.

All Moral precepts comprehended are
In these two copious words *Beare* and *Forbeare*.

All Chances, Changes, and Events that be,
Have Providence for *Primum Mobile*.

Ambition travails Nations, plows the Seas,
Scales Forts, Storms Cities; Is at War with Ease.

All would be Masters of rare Arts, and Parts,
But to take pains to gain them grieves their hearts.

Art, and the Art how to apply Art well,
Make a rare Artift truly to excell.

As Mirrours represent what things appear,
So Fools reveal what things they see or hear.

Abandon Merriment and Pleasures vain;
Pleasures are Introductions to our pain.

Action for choice Encomiums seems at strife,
It is lifes Virtue, and fair Virtues Life.

A time appointed was from the beginning
For every thing beneath the Sun, but sinning.

At thy own Jest laugh not, in Wisdoms School
In that Case who but smiles, is term'd a Fool.

A willing mind makes an industrious hand,
And an industrious hand will Art command.

Art without Use is lame; and use we find,
Where Arts illumination wants, is blind.

All humane things run a continual Round,
But Things divine with constancy are crown'd.

By

B

BY worthy Actions we our Lives maintain,
Which after Death our Monuments remain.

By Education Parents should supply
What to their Children Nature doth deny.

Beware of Sugared words, and Golden Baits,
Let this Receipt preserve thee from Deceits.

Be constant in commendable Employments,
For Diligence is crown'd with choice Injoyments.

Both Sleep and Death are for mans Life at strife;
Sleep is a living Death and dying Life.

Blest is the humble and contented State:
The Rich buy ruine oft at a great Rate.

By vulgar Breath, who rules and steers his Actions,
Plunges into an Ocean of Distractions.

Be constantly imploy'd, Let each new day
Produce new Deeds, so wheel the year away.

Brave Madam Silk-worm who out shines the day,
May be to Morrow for the wormes a Prey.

Bear with th'ungrateful, till thou hast subdu'd
By generous Goodness his Ingratitude.

Before you find Faults, treasure This in mind,
Be faultless; make no faults when fault you find.

By mens Communication we may tell
What *Country* they belong to, *Heaven* or *Hell*.

Before mens Lips for Council trust their Lines;
Truth may be found in Books without Designes.

Blame not the Times, such vain complaints are rife;
But strive to mend them by a pious Life.

Before the Sand first ran in old Times Glas,
God ordain'd all things that should come to pass.

Beauty Commendatory Letters brings,
Which purchase favour with the greatest Kings.

Bajazet whom one day the world scarce holds,
Next day a Cage his Mightiness infolds.

Beware of *Circes* Bowl, and *Sirens* Notes,
Which transform Men to Apes, Hogs, Dogs, and Goats.

By prudent Carriage publick Censure shun,
And say and do what should be said and done.

Be close in Council, in Discourse discreet,
Your Words and Works let in Truths Centre meet.

Bacchus without a Gun, Sword, Spear, or Shield,
Destroyes more men in Towns, than *Mars* in Field.

By Labour Errour's cur'd, that levels Mountains,
Refines gross Brains, discovers Wildoms Fountains.

By Diligence is Excellence attain'd,
By Excellence Wealth and Renown are gain'd.

Beauty, Wit, Virtue, Grace, where these four meet
In Consort, there the harmony is sweet.

Be now in time so much thy own Souls Friend,
As to live mindful of thy endless End.

Crown

C

Crown Art with Virtue, Virtue crown with Grace,
Glory will crown thy consummated Race.

Crosses and Losses do in ambush lye
For those who frolick in prosperity.

Care cramps the Joints, debilitates the Mind,
Weakens the Head and Heart ; strikes Reason blind.

Cease not to run in Virtues Race, till Death
O'retaking thee, shall run thee out of Breath.

Contentment is a Spring, whose Streams still hold
In Summers heat, and Winters freezing cold.

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And in those Caves to ruine hearts she lyes.

Canst see Fates Arrows kill on every side
Both small and Great ; and not for Death provide ?

Caligula wish'd that all the men of *Rome*
Had but one Neck, to feel his fatal doom.

Consider Time, Place, Persons, and Concerns;
There where a wise man cannot teach, he learns.

Compute the Stars, the Sands, the shives of Grass,
God's Mercies far their total Sum Surpass.

Censure none rashly ; Nature's apt to halt,
Look inward : He's unborn that has no fault.

Care to get Much, and Fear to lose the same,
Make foolish Man forget from whence he came.

Councill is then in its resplendant prime ,
When crowned with Succes by Truth and Time.

Contentments Orbe is that Contentment which
In your own Sphere doth your own Mind enrich.

Conform the Products of your Mind and Hands
To the most perfect Rules of Gods Commands.

Cloth shapes, and Meat maintains, but nothing can
Like Grace and Manners dignifie a man.

Courage and Council, crown'd with Constancy
Turn Fortunes Wheel, and her whole force defie.

Consideration must preceed Conclusion ,
Or else our Enterprize will meet confusion.

Care, wisest heads and stoutest hearts doth pain ,
And is a Load no *Atlas* can sustain.

Council and good Advice, in Wisdomes rare
Inventions are the Compass and the Square.

Conscience a faithfull Register, inrolls
The Vices and the Virtues of our Souls.

Communicate your Grief , and ease your smart,
Sorrow coceal'd to Cynders burns the heart.

Commencement neighbours our Works consummation ,
And every thing inclines to declination.

CHRIST is the Way ; the Truth ; and Life : who love
His Way and Truth , shall live with Him Above.

Commence a Doctor in fair virtues Colledge,
Soul-saving Wisdom is the rarest Knowledge.

Dilligence

D

Diligence keeps the keys of Golden Mines ,
But Sloth's a Remora to brave Designs.

Do Good to such as do profess thee Love ,
That their Affection may more fervent prove.

Do Good to such as bear thee Spite and hate ,
That disaffection may in them abate.

Dull Sloth is Sleeps Companion, who the growth
Of Virtue mind, must banish Sleep and Sloth.

Dare to be Good in this most vitious Age ,
And rather dye than in base Acts engage.

Death's Brother Sleep, with his Companion Sloth ,
Those Thieves of Time , spoil Arts and Virtues growth.

Dilate not vain Reports , since vain Reports
Cause vain Disputes ; the worst of all vain Sports.

Death with the Good a better Life begins ,
As free from Cares and Sorrows as from Sins.

Dame Natures Daughters Birth and Death, one brings
Man in the World ; him out another flings.

Death hath no Sting, no Poyson, nor no Darts ,
But what the Sinfulness of Life imparts.

Discretion will preserve thee ; let Discretion
Shine in each Action , season each Expression.

Death with his Adamantine Chains will bind thee ,
And as Death leaves thee, so will Judgment find thee.

Death's

Death's as the dawning of that happy Day
Wherein the Sun's SUN will His Beams display.

Diffimulation in Communication,
Brings Reputation to its Consummation.

Democritus laugh'd Sin and Vice to scorn,
And the same Cause made *Heraclitus* mourn.

Does thy rare Genius prompt thee to excell ?
Be Master in the Art of Living well.

Dark Plots, deep Stratagems, the Sons of Night,
Though shut to Earth's, are open to Heaven's Sight.

Demean your selfe in this World warily,
As in the Country of an Enemy.

Dreadful Necessity with her smart whip,
Rowzes dull Negligence, and makes Sloath Skip.

Do still thy best to doe the Best, where Skill
And Power do want, supply that want by Will.

Defer not till to morrow what to day
Thou canst perform, This moment is thy *May*.

Dress your best Thoughts in Words; and those reduce
To Acts; and Those designe for publick Use.

Diligence with Intelligence at hand,
And wise Experience rarest Arts command.

Doe Good, and doe no Ill: On these two Poles
Th'expanced Frame of Mans whole Duty rowles.

Each

E

E Ach Moment brings us nearer to our End,
Why should we then our precious Time mispend?

Eternity, when Time falls sick and dyes,
Will bring his Winding-sheet, and close his Eyes.

Envies sharp spurs make Virtue swifter run,
So for the Ill intended, Good is done.

Experimental Wit is best, but dearest;
Knowledge prov'd by Experience, proves the clearest.

Each way man turns himself he meets a snare,
And few can, what all should, enough beware.

Excess avoid; the Golden Mean embrace,
And strive to out-run All in Virtues Race.

Enviers of mens Virtues, Arts, and Parts,
Are judg'd and condemn'd by their own hearts.

Each day, each hour, yea every moment brings
A universal Change of humane Things.

Eat, drink, sleep, work, and Recreation take;
Yet still God's Glory your minds Object make.

Earths Happiness, and its unhappiness,
Are as mens fancies make them, more or less.

Endeavour and attain, dull Negligence
Never beheld the Court of Excellence.

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C

Excess

Excess in Eating, and in Drinking shun,
Which thousands more destroy than Sword and Gun.

Earth builds with earth, on earth earth-burth'ning Towers,
Earth Earth devours, until Earth Earth devours.

Each Art doth challenge an Infinity,
And All are Handmaids to *Divinity*.

Earthworms ! what's wealths Sum Total, Honours height,
Or Pleasures May, to Lifes Eternal Light ?

Entrapment some costly Gift would send
Where his baile Policy did harm intend.

Ebbs, Floods succeed ; some rise, some down are hurl'd ;
Security's no Creature of this World.

Ev'ry thing tends to some peculiar end,
And Wise men search to know whereto they tend.

Exemplar Virtues Noble minds inflame,
To emulate, and imitate the same.

Equalls respect ; be civill to Inferiours ;
Give Honour and precedence to Superiours.

Expresless Joys from a clear Conscience stream,
'Tis *Heaven* in perspective, Earths GOOD Supream.

Endless the Circle of mans mind appears,
Still turning to new hopes, false Joys and fears.

From

F

From *Honours* Hill Storms on the Mind descend,
But blest humility no Storms offend.

Fair *Virtue* can no Habitation find
In the dark Cell of an unworth'g Mind.

For Faults in part, do not condemn the whole;
Luna hath Spots, and *Venus* had a Mole.

Fair *Virtue* and rich *Learning* are at strife,
Which most shall honour and adorn Man's Life

Fruit on the Trees first blooms, then buds, then grows,
Then ripens, then rots; this Man's Condition shows.

For Virtues Wages, Christian, Jew, and Turk,
All strive, but who contend to doe her Work?

First imitate; strive to Excell; still mend;
Ascending thus, you may at last transcend.

Faith, *Hope*, and *Love*, are the main Springs which move
The *Soul* from Things below, to Those Above.

Fulness breeds dulness, renders men unfit
For Action: Wants the Whetstone of the Wit.

Fair glosing Speeches, and fine Complements,
As Leaves do Snakes, cover mens vile Intent.

From others came, to others goes our Land,
Thus Earths vast Ball we toss from hand to hand.

From his Lifes day-break to Deaths night man roles
Betwixt false Joys, and real Sorrows Poles.

Find where th' *Assyrian* Lion, *Persian* Bear,
The *Grecian* Leopard, and *Romes* Eagles are.

For Use on Use the Mammonist doth call,
But never minds his Soul, the Principal.

Friendship, as in one Orb, doth cause to move
Within two Bodies one pure Soul of Love.

From our vain Hearts and Spleens our Passions rise,
And still ascend, till they peep through our Eyes.

Forbear things hurtfull, though they tempt and please ;
Thousands have pleas'd themselves in to Disease.

Fraud at the last defrauds himself ; and he
Who gave him Work, his Pay-Master will be.

First seek the New *Jerusalem*, and All
Earth's choicest Things into your hands will fall.

From levity of Mind proceeds vain Mirth,
And a loud laughter gives our Folly Birth.

Fear grows before 'tis sown, crossing the Laws
Of Nature, shews th' Effect before the Cause.

Fearless runs Virtue, Heaven's Her Guide and Guard,
From her own Goodness streams her own Reward.

Faith with some few resides, and, Hope ; but *Charity*,
Is of our Iron Age, the greatest Rarity.

Fear barricadoes Hope from the faint Heart,
And darts her Terrours into every Part.

GOD's

G

GOD's *Alpha* and *Omega*, First and Last,
He can our Undertakings bless or blast.

Good Manners with Discretion, Grace and Truth,
Are the most rare Imbellishments of Youth.

Give and take patiently, Good Admonitions,
And never let bad words shew worse Conditions.

Give flight to no reports, lest they return
With Fire-brands in their beaks, their Nest to burn.

Grace, and not Nature, layes a sure Foundation,
For the rare *Structure* of Mans *Contentation*.

Gifts are as Baits by prudent men forsaken,
Who gapes to take them is himself first taken.

Guilt in the Conscience dissipates her Evil
Through Man's whole Frame, and entertains the Devil.

Grief for our Wrongs receiv'd may wound the Mind,
But we in Patience may a Med'cine find.

God's Providence the Humble doth advance,
And is their endless blest Inheritance.

Give me, Good GOD, of thy Soul-saving Wine,
And let me leave the World's base Draught to Swine.

Grace crowns Man's Nature with coruscant Rayes,
And tunes his Powers to his Makers Praise.

Good Precepts teach us what is best to know;
What's best to do, the best Examples show.

GOD

GOD is All-wise, All-powerful, All-seeing,
He is the Life of Being, and Lifes Being.

GOD in six Days from His Words boundless Treasure,
Made *Heaven, Earth, Seas*, by Number, weight and Measure.

Gods Glory and Mans Good are the fixt Poles
On which the Sphere of true *Religion* roles.

Go, run, ride, labour, leave no Means untri'd
In Virtues Course, for Nature to provide.

Good Works design for other imitations;
Let your Light shine to future Generations.

Gull not your Soul with Honours, Wealth or Pleasures,
Since Vanity all their dimensions measures.

Great Honour 'tis to spring of Noble Race,
But greater far to be endow'd with Grace.

Goodness chief Ground, and Virtues best Foundation
Are laid in Childrens timely Education.

Greatness of mind, from this clear Fountain springs,
To know the smallness of the worth of Things.

Grace best tunes Natures Harp, and Virtue frames
Honour for Wisdom, which brave Minds inflames.

Goodness to teach wins well deserved Praise;
And to learn Goodness doth great profit raise.

GOD, who to all things a beginning gave,
Beginning never had, nor End shall have.

His

H

His Understanding is sublimely rare,
Who knows both when to speak, and when to spare.

He's not most wise who most Tongues understands,
But he that most obeys divine Commands.

He rides full gallop down perditions hill,
Who without Curb gives Reins to his own will.

He who of nothing this vast world did frame,
Sustains, mainrains, and regulates the same.

He hath both Legs to run, and Wings to fly,
Whom Precepts and Examples both supply.

He whose pure Conscience is not stain'd with Sin,
Hath a Cœlestial Paradise within.

He that's inrich't with Art, and can impart
That Art with Art, is Master of his Art.

How soon can God a smiling Calm transform
Into the horrors of an angry Storm !

He to do what he will is in the Way,
Who opportunely acts in what he may.

Humility at *Honours* Gate attends,
To entertain those who are Virtues Friends.

He's truly wise, he's truly rich and brave,
That can make coy Dame Fortune Wisdoms Slave.

He may excell who imitates, and mends ;
Virtue by Practice to her height ascends.

Honours

Honour is but a blast, and Wealth has wings,
But Learning is the best of Earths best things.

His Soul with choicest Dainties who would feed,
In Heavens blest Chronicle must daily read.

He's happy, who at need finds Friends indeed ;
But happier's he, who no such Friends doth need.

He that himself commends or discommends,
Shews Wisdom and himself are no true friends.

Honesty sends dark Policy to School,
And proves the close Contriver but a Fool.

How many two leg'd Mules live by meer Sence,
Confounding Reason the Souls excellence.

He that would make his way to bright Renown,
Must March through Steel, and Flints, not Silk and down.

Heaven would not have exprest such wond'rous skill
In Man's rare Frame, in order to stand still.

Honours vast Pyramid it self extends
Unto a Point ; at last in nothing ends.

How oft Mens fancied Game hath from them fled,
Whilest they have woo'd those Joyes which others Wed.

High-flown Encomiums serve to let men see,
Not what they are, but what they ought to be.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, of Nothing had Creation,
And shall in Nothing have their Consummation.

Heroick Virtue, in a brave disdain,
Slights Spite and Wrongs, with all curst Envies Train.

In

I

IN Virtues Grammar-Art who well begin,
Must first, learn to decline each Vice and Sin.

Idleness, which procures men numerous harms,
May best be put to flight by force of Arms.

If thou would'st be in favour with *Apollo*,
Thy precious time let not dull *Morpheus* swallow.

In nothing with a real Friend contend,
Unless it be, who shall in Love transcend.

If Miseries assail, strive to discover
Their Source ; be patient, Time will blow them over.

It is a *Proverb* worthy of your note,
Which sayes, Beware your Tongue cuts not your Throat.

If thou hast *Wisdom* let words shew it forth,
If thou hast none conceal thy unknown worth.

If with the Best thou would'st procure Esteem,
Seem what thou art, and be what thou dost seem.

If to a Ship Man's Bodie be compar'd,
The Tongue the Rudder is, whereby 'tis steer'd.

In vain Delights affect not over-measure,
Those have most Pleasure who abandon Pleasure.

In former dayes good Manners made a Man,
In these our Times old Mammon leads the Van.

In your Comportment let Discretion shine,
And Ceremonious Complements decline.

If unto Good, Heavens Joys cannot excite ;
From Evil, let Hells Torments thee affright.

In Youth, great love to Learning doth presage
A Virtuous and Honourable Age.

If others give thee undeserved Praise,
Let it thy Mind to good Deservings raise.

In all Conditions, and in every Station
We must live mindful of our own Salvation.

If Others thou in Learning would'st Excel,
Be Master in the Art of Living well.

In him no Virtue, Grace, or Goodness dwells,
Who from his Mind Humility expels.

In finding Faults, 'tis easie to Transcend,
Hard to be Civil, and more hard to mend.

Impatience is a sign of Indiscretion,
Which shun in every Action and Expression.

In Controversies with a Foe or Friend,
For Verity, not Victory contend.

If the least Creature sings his Makers Praise,
What Strains should Man unto His Honour raise:

It is his Fate, whoever wins Renown,
To be confronted with curst Envies frown.

In this frail World still ever-changing Chance
Begins each day a new-invented Dance.

If thou would'st spend, and end thy few days well,
Think oft on Death, and Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

Kind

K

Kind Opportunity with speed embrace,
E're she grows coy, and turns away her Face.

Knowledge impart ; born for themselves none are,
In us have Parents, Prince and Country share.

Keep Company with those whose influence
May (like the Sun's) both Light and Life dispense.

Knowledge, Wit, Beauty, Strength and Wealth ; beside
A Thousand Gifts, may all be spoil'd by Pride.

Keep not a Courtesie too long in hand,
And grant him his Request who may command.

Knowledge by Precepts goes, by Examples runs ;
And by Experience flies to Learnings Sons.

Know, know your self : This Map presents your Eye
With all the Regions of Morality.

Keep Company with none but Virtues Heirs,
Few sort with Sons of Vice that scape their snares.

Keep not of Days, but of thy Deeds account,
See to what Sum thy Virtues will amount.

Knowledge employ'd improves th'ingenious Mind,
And Learnings Beams illuminate the Blind.

Keep so thy mind, that if a Friend should enter
Into thy Thoughts, he might find Truth the Centre.

Kindle no wrathful Fire; as you love Life,
Hate pulling at the grating Saw of Strife.

Keep on in Virtues Course, they lose the prize that stand;
Who sail by Virtues Star, at Honours Port shall land.

Knowledge is the Souls *soul*, her Life and Health,
Men rich in Knowledge hate all other Wealth.

Keep Guards at thy minds Portals, let none in
That ever took up Arms for Vice or Sin.

Know well what you profess, profess not more;
Great Store of words, is a small empty Store.

Kingdoms, to Divine Contemplations Eye,
Appear but like small Birds-Nests from on high.

Keep close to Task, Use makes the quill a wing;
By Art and Use Nature is taught to sing.

Knowledge gains, by diffusion, augmentation;
And doth decrease, wanting Communication.

Keep in the Track of the blest Golden Mean,
And from Extrems thy vain Affections wean.

Knock hard at Mercies Gate betimes: well taught
In Virtues School, and with true Grace well fraught.

Know This all hopeful Youths that are concern'd,
Such as love Learning well shall be well Learn'd.

Knaves with their braves, mild Innocence or'come;
And Bribes oft strike blind Justice deaf and dumb.

Kill, conquer, and triumph over your Lusts and Sins;
Who rules the lesser World, more than the Greater wins.

Let

L

L Et neither Angers heat, nor height of Mirth,
Give thy Expressions an untimely birth.

Earnings Exhaustless, still augmenting Store,
The more we lend or spend, we have the more.

Lifes Theatre hath but one way assign'd,
But to Death's Dungeon Mortals thousands find.

Let neither Gold nor Gems, nor Crowns intice,
Thy Mind from Virtues Course, to that of Vice.

Labour brings Pleasure, Idleness brings Pain,
He Labour Prais'd whose Wisdom found All vain.

Let no word pass thy double Guard, till it
By Reason is examin'd, and found fit.

Learn All those Arts and Parts which make a Man,
Leave Drones i'th' Rear, and bravely lead the Van.

Let not the wings of others Commendation,
Advance thee in conceit above thy Station.

Let old *Time* whet his Sythe, and wing his feet ;
Not *Lifes* duration, but its Use is sweet.

Let none by Arts imagine they shall gain,
Till they by Industry those Arts attain.

Learn to imploy and well improve thy Time,
In Wisdoms School this Lesson is the prime.

Let no Design be by thee forward driven,
Wherein thou dar'st not crave the aid of Heaven.

Let

Let none presume in Friendships Orb to move,
Who want the heat and Energy of Love.

Let us not fear the fatal Sisters knife,
Death in our Minds gives to our Actions Life.

Let reason rule thy heart,thy head,thy hand and tongue,
To gain the greatest Good, do not the smallest wrong.

Let Pride and Ostentation be abhorr'd,
We all are Servants under one Great *Lord*.

Leave Earths course drugs to Sons of Vanity,
And Heavens Refreshments make thy Jubilee.

Learning, like Corn committed to good Ground,
In prudent youths with large increase is found.

Let not Familiarity induce
Thee to use freedom till it grows abuse.

Let those Relations in the Book of Fame,
Your Mind to commendable Works inflame.

Let no cross Accidents deject thy Mind,
Wise Pilots sail,with, and against,the Wind.

Like Flies about a Light we vainly sport,
And in our Pleasure our Destruction court.

Love woos Eternal Justice to forbear
Sins Brood ; and begs they may in Mercy share.

Let *Christ* be mine; that Mine more Worth doth hold,
Than all Earths Mines of *silver* and of *Gold*.

M

MEn labour for Eternal Woes or Joys,
For all that Time produces he destroys.

Most lamentable is that Youth's Condition
Who flights Instruction and good Admonition.

Man's Understanding's copious, unconfin'd,
When Wifdoms beams illuminate his Mind.

Most sweet *Content*! how happy is his State,
Who for Companion hath so blest a Mate.

Many can move their Tongues in Virtues praise,
Few use their Brains and Hands her Fame to raise.

Man is a Ship, which soon as Lanch'd from Shore,
Rocks threat his ruine, round him Billows roar.

Mens Actions are true Heralds of their worth,
Action's the Midwife to bring Virtue forth.

Mortality is stamp'd on All: All must
Leave their beloved Trash, and turn to Dust.

Money, that was but formerly a Queen,
Is now a Empress, and but seldom seen.

Man blows both hot and cold, both worst and best,
From the same Cause, that is, Self-Interest.

Man's frail Condition changes with the Wind,
And the Inconstant Weather-Cock's his Mind.

Man's Life's a Bubble on a swift rough Stream,
A waking *Dream*, or Shadow of a Dream.

Much

Much talk proclaims much Folly ; our Discourse
Proves best from wise premeditations force.

Mild Speeches Love preserve, but words like Thunder,
Rend the smooth bands of Unity in sunder.

Morpheus Man's five best Servants doth enslave,
A Bed's the Court of Death's dark house the Grave.

Men in the Region of their Fancies Ayre
Build Castles, which till seen are wondrous rare.

Man to whom *Altitude* of *Wisdom's* given,
Is the *Worlds Model*, Citizen of Heaven.

Man hath no Power, no Reason, Wit or Sense,
But what descends from Divine Influence.

Most sweet are those Delights which *Virtue* brings,
And *Piety* ; Other Delights leave Stings.

Man's countenance most commonly we find,
To be th'unerring Index of his Mind.

My Friend shall have my Heart, my Tongue, my Hand,
But not my Liberty at his Command.

Man's own Perdition from himself proceeds,
As self disorder self Diseases breeds.

Man's but a faint Resultance from Heav'ns Light,
Which streaming from *Sol's* beams enchears his Sight.

Men seem to have reserv'd the worst of Crimes,
To act on the Worlds Stage the last of Times.

Make GOD thy Guide, and Guard in all thy Wayes ;
Tune thy Thoughts, Words and Works, All to His Praise.

No

N

NO Star in Wifdoms Firmament out-fhines
Bleft Learning, which mans Mind from drofs refines.

None are fo learned, that they need not learn ;
Innumerable Things Man's Life concern.

Natures Life's giv'n to feek the Life of Grace,
And Glories Life crowns her well ended Race.

No Coin but Love will purchafe Love ; who move
In Friendfhip's Orb, muft Love return for Love.

No Art's worth health that Mortals can invent,
Lofe not thy Substance for an Accident.

No Mortals State is free from Cares and Snares,
All from the Peafant to the Prince, have fhares.

Not knowing when, nor where, nor how, our breath
We muft refign, let us prepare for Death.

No Sublunary can Affection move,
Like the fweet breathings of unfeigned Love.

No flanting Praise, nor flow'r'd Encomiums prize,
The moft deferving are moft humbly wife.

Never let Promifes the Van lead, where
Performances cannot bring up the Rear.

No chance, nor change arrives, however ftrange,
But Providence ordains that Chance or Change.

Nor Sighs, nor Tears, nor Prayers with him prevail,
But firft or laft, All to Deaths Port muft Sail.

New mould thy Resolutions on occasion,
The Wisest change their Minds by Times perswasion.

Now Natures Clock's soon down, the Life of Man
Is shrunk into an Inch, which was a Span.

Never was *Vanity* more vain, and never
Goodness less priz'd ; will this World last for ever !

No *Telescope* fits the Souls Eye so well,
As that of Faith, to view where Bliss doth dwell.

No Bliss is true, which is confin'd to lye
Without the vast Ring of *Eternity*.

Nothing so rare in this vain world we find,
As that rich Gem, a pious knowing Mind.

Not Empires Founders may with Those compare
Who enrich Mankind with *Inventions* rare.

Not to accomplish what we once commence,
Shews Diffidence, the Foe to Excellence.

Not Time in his Carriere can pass the Hands
Of nimble Virtue ; She his Stay commands.

Nature, rough hew'n, presents us to take Fashion,
And Politure from timely Education.

No Structures raise on others Devastations,
Ruin lyes lurking under such Foundations.

No more convincing Precept we can give
To teach to dye, than to unlearn to live.

O

O Ur Minds we may compare to *Danaides* Sieve,
Still filling, never full, while here we live.

One true performance betwixt Cordial Friends,
A thousand verbal promises transcends.

On *Providence* all Accidents depend,
For their beginning, progress, and their end.

Of those THINGS which above us nothings dwell,
Whan can our *Opticks*, or our *Volumes* tell?

One being ask'd what was best to learn, said this,
Learn to unlearn what thou hast learn'd amiss.

O husband well each Golden-sanded hour,
And let thy Will run equal with thy power.

Of Others Gifts to thee the praise let flye,
Let thine to others in Oblivion lye.

Observe in your Discourse the bounds of Reason,
For Sense proves Non-sense spoken out of Season.

Obeys Divine Commands, Observe the Laws,
There where you live; Of no offence give Cause.

One being ask'd what Things most distant lay,
Performances and Promises did say.

Order, the Life of things, the World did frame,
'Tis Wisdom's Rule, without which Life is lame.

Our Life soon ends, like a vain Tale or Song;
Earth's Joys and their Injoyers live not long.

Oblision's Injuries best Remedy,
He's Victor who forgives the Injury.

Occasion's no Man's Servant to command,
Time courts, but will not complementing stand.

Opinion hath two faces, and they are
One Old, one Young; one foul, the other fair.

One pray'd to God to shield him from his Friend,
For from his Foes he could himself defend.

Of past things mindless, and of future heedless;
Men live, as if they thought *Salvation* needless.

One Leaf of *Holy Scripture* is more worth
Than all the Treasures which the Earth brings forth.

Our Great Commander's Word shall we obey
To take up Arms, and not them down to lay?

Of Wine and *Women* evermore beware,
Whose sweet insinuations Fools ensnare.

O thirst of Coin! what do'st thou not compel,
The sinful Souls of Men to buy and sell?

Our dear Friends death to day, gives Life to Sorrow;
And even that Sorrow too, will dye to morrow.

Of all those Virtues which commend a Man,
Heav'n lov'd, Humility must lead the Van.

On the Worlds Stage the most unworthy Actor,
That plays the Fools part worst, is the *Detractor*.

Premeditate

P

PRemeditate your Speeches ; Words once flown,
Are properly the Hearers, not your own.

Praise renders Fools more vain, but makes the Wise
Still to more Eminence of *Virtue* rise.

Pride and Presumption with the Angels fell,
And ever since their proper Centre's Hell.

Pleasure stops Reasons Ears, confounds the Mind ;
Un-mans a Man, Repentance leaves behind.

Parents from Childrens Minds their Vices weeds,
As they spring up, before they run to Seed.

Promotion comes not from the East nor West,
But should be theirs that do deserve it best.

Prayers, Tears and Groans, the Souls Artillery,
Take Heavens Fort-Royal with their Battery.

Pride, Lust, Sloth, Envy, Calumny and Strife,
Unite their Forces to destroy Man's Life.

Piety is on Earth a Heavenly Pleasure,
Honours true Fountain, an exhaustless Treasure.

Profaneness, Atheism, and Superstition,
Have brought the World into a sad Condition.

Pleasure, Wealth, Honour, Wordly Pomp and Power,
Are the Materials of Man's *Babel-Tower*.

Patience and Innocence do always foil
Curst Envy's force, and make her Darts recoil.

Performances

Performances do Promises transcend,
As Heav'n does Earth: remember that, my Friend.

Prudence and *Innocence* two Anchors are,
Which from their hold no Storms can ever tear.

Pleasure like Lightning, but salutes our Eyes
With one bright flash, and then falls sick and dyes.

Prayer wings the Pious Soul, and makes her fly,
Millions of Miles above the lofty Sky.

Praise and dispraise esteem with equal Mind,
For at the best and worst, both are but Wind.

Prayer must ascend, that Mercies may descend;
Prayer and Repentance make Heav'n's King our Friend.

Pleasure instead of Reason calls for Sence;
And Ease prefers before true Excellence.

Profit, Loss, Honour, and Dishonour, cause
Opinions, Discords, Wars and breach of Laws.

Prudence, stout Fortitude and Temperance,
With Justice the Souls Gallantry advance.

Pleas'd with Sins Glas, like Larks vain Wordlings play,
Till Death, the Fowler, marches them away.

Puissant *Mammon*, when thy Forces joyn,
The weaker Conscience yields to stronger Coyn.

Pens are the Pencils whereby drawn we find
The Picture of the inward Man, the Mind.

Q

Quit Creature-comforts ; fix thy Soul above,
Where all is *Grace* and *Glory*, *Light* and *Love*.

Quiet of Conscience labour to enjoy,
To which compar'd the World it selfe's a Toy.

Quietness and Contentment still reside
With humble Souls, they shun the Sons of Pride.

Quaint Words and florid Phrases please vain Youth,
Age more regards Sincerity and Truth.

Quickly, O quickly ! those choice Lessons learn,
Which most your Souls and Bodies health concern.

Quit not, for things in hope, things in possession,
Since vain Repentance helps not Indiscretion.

Quarrel not with the Weak, whom thou mayst foil ;
Nor with the Strong, who may thy Fortunes spoil.

Quell rebel Passions, conquer each Affection,
Let Reason have thy Senses in Subjection.

Question not but Heavens King, on our Repentance,
Will quite revoke His Soul-condemning Sentence.

Quills are the Fountains, whence such Nectar streams,
As hath been cordial to the Worlds Supreams.

Quote him for a true Friend, who will perform
A true Friends part in Fortunes greatest Storm.

Quaff not to deep of Wine ; when the tenth Glas
Hath lost a Man, ten more may find an As.

Queesie

Queesie our Stomachs at Heavens Viands are,
But eager after Earths infectious fare.

Quench Lusts consuming wild-fire, war with Vice,
And kill i'th' Egg, Sins baneful *Cockatrice*.

Quips, Jeers, Scoffs, flouts and taunts proceed from thence,
Where Wisdom never had her Residence.

Quales, Pipes betray, and Glasses Larks intice,
But Flattery is the Fools Paradise.

Qualifie others wrath with words of Love,
If that will not remove, do you remove.

Quit those Companions who consort with Vice,
Once known, endanger not your Souls health twice.

Quotidian Miseries with sweeping Streams,
Prove the vain Worlds Felicities but Dreams.

Quills, Pen-knife, Paper, Ink and Books provide,
With prudent Care, that all be well apply'd.

Quantity must give Quality the Bays,
When Art and Virtue their rare Structures raise.

Quite blind are they, who in the vast *Creation*,
Behold not God's Stupendious Operation.

Quicken your Faculties, rowze up your Powers,
Use Industry; this moment's only Ours.

Quintilian wishes others to excell
In Thinking, Speaking, and in doing well.

R

Raise thy Affections to the things above,
All things below should be below our Love.

Rich Vice eats Dainties, drinks rich Wines, does crown
His head with Rose-buds, sleeps on Beds of down.

Rex ends with x, which notes the Number ten,
Ten *Spheres* a King moves above common Men.

Rich men are not too rich, whom Pride ne're swells :
Poor are not poor enough, in whom Pride dwells.

Reason, which is the Lesser Worlds bright Sun,
Directs what should, and what should not be done.

Rare Acts their Authors worths aloud proclaim,
And others Minds to Virtues Love inflame,

Reason doth wholsom Rules and Precepts give.
Which teach old men to dye, and young to live.

Reign a Majestick Monarch of thy Mind,
Inricht by Virtue, and from Vice refin'd.

Rather than lose their jests some lose their Friends,
But Wisdom no such Exercise commends.

Read oft *God's* Holy Word, those Rules apply,
That you may live as you desire to dye.

Rough-hewn is Natures-work, till Education
By Art and Labour brings it into Fashion.

Run on in Virtues Race, the Prize is rare,
Grace shall at last be crown'd in Glories Chair.

Reveal not Secrets ; hate vain Tales and Songs ;
Practice each Virtue which to man belongs.

Relieve pale Indigence, what so is given
Is treasur'd up to be restor'd in Heaven.

Rule well thy Lesser World, improve thy Time,
No Government Terrene is more Sublime.

Remember to forget your own Perfections,
Forget not to remember good Directions.

Reproach not any, Sons of Vice may mend ;
And Virtues Sons have *One* that will defend.

Respect attends not, where there's no Revenue,
Where Wealth continues not Friends discontinue.

Remit, submit, concede, recede, proceed,
As Time, place, Persons, and Occasions need.

Root up those Weeds of Negligence and Sloth
In Children, which spoil Arts and Virtues growth.

Respect procures Respect ; and Loves voice moves
The soft sweet Ecchoes of returning Loves.

Rant, roar, and revel, heath with Healths consume,
This day is yours ; next, Deaths ; last, that of 'Doom.

Rage ruins Kingdoms, makes Ambition swell ;
And here begins a Dance which ends in hell.

Rend Rocks for Gems ; for Pearls the Ocean sound ;
Dig Mines for Gold ; no Prize like *Grace* is found.

SO *Honour's* Temple situated was;
That Men through that of *Virtue* first might pass.

Since that *Credulity* is mischief's Fountain,
Trust Men as far as you can throw a Mountain.

Some Instruments of Musick pass for rare,
But with a well tun'd Tongue none may compare.

Still let thy Tongue be Herald to thy Mind,
And of all Trades abhor to trade in wind.

Such as will do no Right and take no wrong,
Unto the lower Region do belong.

Sleep captivates *Lives* five free Sons, for Death
Nothing remains but that strange *Something* Breath.

Spread no Reports, Reports like Balls of Snow
Grow larger, and still larger as they go.

Some do Excel, who can do nothing well,
In finding Faults where others do Excel.

Such heaps of Gold to Mammonists are given,
As spoil the prospect betwixt them and Heaven.

Some pass for Wise till Indiscretion flies
Up to their Tongues, and speaks them *Otherwise*.

Spread no Reports; the Vulgar are inclin'd
To nothing more than sporting with the Wind.

Sincerity and blest *Integrity*
Are Wings wherewith fair *Virtue* loves to fly.

Sleep the most valiant Conquerors dis-arms,
First blinds them, then exposes them to harms.

Stay Worldling, stay ; whither away so fast ?
Death will soon overtake for all your hast.

Some swell'd up with ambitious Thoughts full blown,
Scorn the blest *Mean*, and will be best, or none.

Shift, or Strike Sail, oppos'd by Wind and Waves,
He's a brave Pilot who a Storm out-braves.

Small pleasure, smaller profit it affords,
To beat the Air and grate the Ear with words.

Such as court Fame must not their Senses please,
Her Chariot lags, when drawn by Sloth and Base.

Some, sometimes, who delight in verbal wrongs,
Could to recall their words eat their own Tongues.

Sometimes Necessity, sometimes true worth,
The Midwives are to bring rare Actions forth.

Smoothly and Swift, as Bowles down hills of Ice,
So run we in the sordid Road of Vice.

Some think and think so long what they would do,
That they forget their Thoughts and Actions too.

Since under lowest Roofs are highest joys,
Change not a mean Estate for Pomp and noise.

Shun Strife, Brawls, Brabblements, and cross Employments ;
Contentment is the Crown of our Injoyments.

Sin beats Deaths Drum, and rings Lifes passing-Bell,
Ruines the World ; and Triumph makes for Hell.

Then

T

Then our thoughts, words and Deeds most perfect are,
When them by Gods Commandements we square.

Those who contemn Wealth, Pleasure, and Renown,
Shall of Contentments Kingdom wear the Crown.

Those are but petty Foot-posts who do use
Only from house to house to carry News.

The lowest Ebb succeeds the highest Tide ;
In Calms for Storms, In Peace for War provide.

Then when poor Man grown rich desires to stay,
Death comes, commanding him to march away.

The mighty Oak, and lofty Pine are torn
By Storms, but humble Shrubs are still forborn.

The Good we do, transcends the Goods we have,
That still remains, those leave us at the Grave.

This is the Golden Rule, *Do alwayes so
To others, as thou would'st be done unto.*

The reason why we want returns in Season,
Of our Desires, is, because they want Reason.

Thy Words and Works sute to each time and place,
And win Respect with a becoming Grace.

Time past his Back, his Face Time present shows,
But none of Future Time the posture knows.

Time tumbles down old Monuments, and brings
Each day new Vizors for the Face of Things.

The

The World's an Inn, wherein we only stay
But one short night, or so, and so away.

There is a time for all Things but, This One,
And that is to recall Time when he's gone.

Those most true pleasure have who least their senses please,
Fames Chariot slowly moves when drawn by sloth and ease.

'Tis very strange, yet not less true is found,
That smoothest Tongues like sharpest Razors wound.

To cry up Toys we blow away our breath,
And with false Joys thus please our selves to death.

The World to Wisdoms Sons appears to be
But a small Point to Heavens Immensitie.

Those that would see Sins Spring-Tides highest flow,
With bleeding Hearts may view this instant now.

The *Babylonians*, *Persians*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*,
Held the Worlds Empire, but Time says 'tis no Man's.

To wire-draw Life, why do sick Mortals strive?
Death's dead to him that is in CHRIST alive.

The want of Power, and the want of Skill,
Supply by Care, by Diligence, and Will.

The punishment that is to Lyars due,
Is, not to be believ'd when they speak true.

Two small things do a thousand things contain
Much larger than themselves, Man's Heart and Brain.

Th'unfathom'd Gulf of Mortals vain Desires,
Still more and more, and more and more requires.

U

V*irtue and Industry* join hands to Crown
The Sons of Art with Riches and Renown.

Virtue to Noblest Acts the Mind inclines,
Who Her possels, have more than Golden Mines.

Unlock thy Mind, thy Friend to please or serve,
But still the key unto thy self reserve.

Virtue and *Industry* in youth, presage
An honourable and an happy Age.

Virtue and Piety, by Loves force driven,
Draw in, Religions Chariot, Souls to Heaven.

Virtues and *Arts* imploy'd improve the Mind,
And render man from brutish dross refin'd.

Vices address themselves in *Virtues* Dress,
And promise Joys, but bring unhappiness.

Vain empty World, Thou Idol of Mankind,
Thy Fruit is Fiction, thy Foundation Wind.

Use all the prudent Providence you can,
To get, and save, for Money makes a Man.

Virtue the more she shines, She more provokes
Curst Envy's frowns, and her calumnious strokes.

Use *Silence* evermore, but when you may
By Speech your Worth or Wisdom more display.

Virtue, not Blood, nor altitude of Place,
Distinguishes the Noble from the Base.

Virtue's

Virtue's contemn'd, the Estimation's small
Of *Arts* and *Parts* ; *Money* is *All* in *All*.

Use pains to get ; Frugality to save ;
This is the Way to make thee Rich and Brave.

Unworthy is this Sin-fraught World to know,
Those Joys which from *Christ's* Sea of fulness flow.

Virtues Complection changes not with time,
She's like a beauteous Virgin in her prime.

Vainly to shun his Fate the Guilty strives,
When Divine Vengeance Ruins Chariot drives.

Virtue when Center'd in the Mind, from thence
Dilates her Beams to Lifes Circumference.

Untutor'd Youth on Vanity do Ride,
And Folly is the Lacquie by their side.

Virtue's the wise-man's Pleasure and chief Treasure,
All his Thoughts, Words, and Actions, tread one measure.

Vain Man forgetting why Heaven Life did give,
All his long Life scarce one short day does live.

Virtue thorough dust and Sweat appears most bright,
Ease breeds Disease, Labour is Her delight.

Use makes things good or bad ; and the Abuse
of the best Things deprives us of their Use.

Virtue is Honours honour, Worths Foundation,
And true Nobilities best Illustration.

W

When their Plantations Men might best improve,
Death comes and gives the Planters a remove.

What strange Delusions do their Minds bewitch,
Who purposely live poorly to dye Rich.

Want, and the want of Wisdom to imploy
More than enough, both Small and Great destroy.

Who most desire, do least deserve true praise;
Worth never fails to crown Desert with Bayes.

Where Reason rules not in the heart as King,
Rebellious Passions all to ruin bring.

What lamentation's made when Men lose Treasure!
But their more precious Time they lose with pleasure.

Who can condemn Wealth, Pleasure, and Renown,
Shall of Contentments Kingdom wear the Crown.

When Providence with Diligence combines,
Men by small Means accomplish great Designs.

When Time pulls off the Mask which Truth doth wear,
The Radiations of her Face appear.

When Men through Wisdoms perspective can see
Approaching harms, they may prevented be.

Who for some end begins to be my Friend,
Will not remain my Friend unto the End.

Where Sense wants Sauce, and is not worded well,
Respect the Kinsel and reject the Shell.

G

Who

Who Heavens vast Concave measures with His Span,
The greater *World* epitomiz'd in Man.

When Fancy sparkles forth in Strains Divine,
The Readers Soul is caught in every Line.

When Old thou censur'st Young-mens deeds, Remember
Thou had'st thy *May* before thy cold *December*.

Who Want and Plenty bears with equal Mind,
In his Enjoyments shall contentment find.

When we can Stop *Sol's* Progress in the Skies,
Then may we stay the Worlds Inconstancies.

Who wants *Content* wants All ; who hath *Content*,
His Empires Bounds are like the Firmament

We sing to day, we sigh and sob to morrow ;
Our moment Joys leave Monuments of Sorrow.

When Honours Sun declines, and Wealth takes wings,
Then Learning shines, the best of precious things.

When we to reckon Earths Injoyments come,
We find that Vanity's the Total Sum.

Where Prodigality the Van leads, there
Poverty will, in time, bring up the Rear.

Ward and secure your self, even all you can,
Trust not in Man ; Man is a Wolf to Man.

While here you live imploy those Parts you have,
No Sciences are practis'd in the Grave.

What two small things are those which do contain
Things larger than themselves ? Man's Heart and Brain.

When Education Noble Birth doth grace,
Fair Virtues Of-spring seems of Angel-Race.

X

X Thousand times they wish, who time mis-spēd,
That round *Eternity* like Time might end.

Xenocrates before communication,
Warns all to use mature Premeditation.

Xerxes when he survey'd his numerous Host,
Wept, knowing all would in an Age be lost.

X Prime Commandements to Man are given,
Which ten Ascendings mount the Soul to Heaven.

X stands for ten; we hope you'll quit the score,
And take four tens instead of Twenty four.

Y

Youth, which, like wax, might receive Virtues print,
If it remains undisciplin'd proves flint.

Y, First our innocent young State doth show,
Next the two Wayes wherein all Mortals go.

Youth not train'd up in Virtues course betimes,
Plunges into the Ocean of all Crimes.

Youths who learn well, excuse their Masters Trouble,
But mindless Drones their Tutor's Labour double.

Young-men think Old-men Fools, but Old-men know
By sad Experience that Young-men are so.

Youth is too Young, Age is too old to mend;
Nor Youth, nor Age, will mend their Endless End.

You have what well you spend ; and That you save
Which well you give : Be not your Money's Slave.

Youth's greatest Vice, and lamentable Crime,
Is the mis-spending of their precious Time.

Yield not to Satans tempts, his Power withstand ;
He may suggest, but never can command.

Your Sins accounts oft clear, lest they become
So large as to affright you with their Sum.

You must not think to rant and revel here,
And afterwards to move in Glories Sphere.

Your Time imploy, no moment vainly spend ;
God's Word your Rule, His Glory make your End.

Yet ; Time is Porter to the door of Grace,
Which leads to Glories Court, plac'd beyond Place.

You Satan please more than your curst Fancies,
Who slight God's Word, and read prophane Romances.

Your Bowls shall smoothly run, their Course shall hold
Even to the Jack, if byass'd with Gold.

Your first draught serves for health, the next goes down
For pleasure, and the third does Reason drown.

You are allow'd, who can time past recall,
To spend your health and Wealth in past-time all.

Your Charity is to all Persons due,
Familiarity extends to few.

Yesterday should instruct to day ; to morrow
May of to day good Admonitions borrow.

Your Fortune use with prudent Providence,
And to its Size proportion your Expence.

Your

Your Gracious Maker in your youth remember,
And in Lifes *May* provide for cold *December*.

Your Words and Works by God's Commandments square;
Shun ways that Scandalous and Sinful are.

Youth joyn'd with Wisdom, and endow'd with Grace,
Is rarely found, and seems of Phoenix Race.

Your Tongue may slip; your Pen may prove more sure;
Yet let Premeditation both secure.

Z

Zeal is an unextinguishable Fire,
Kindled by Faith, which doth to Heaven aspire.

Zenxes drew Grapes so rarely to the Life,
His painted Dainties set the Birds at strife.

Zeno, by Silence to avoid disgrace,
Spit out his Tongue in his Tormenters face.

Zachens, who was low upon the Tree,
Did by descending gain a high degree.

Zeal with Humility, and Loves supplies
By Faith Conducted, scales the lofty Skies.

Zeal raises Virtue, Virtue Zeal inflames;
Both crown Desert with great and glorious names.

Zeal mixt with knowledge mounts a pious mind,
That she in Heaven doth Habitation find.

Zealously, fill'd with Holiness, contend
For *Happiness*; GLORY shall crown

The END.

*To Supply X and Z, we here have set
In lowe to All, The Scholars ALPHABET.*

ALL you which in fair Virtues *School* would learn,
Mind these my Precepts which all Youths concern.

B-etimes i'th morning from thy Bed repair,
Wash, Comb, and cleanse the, then court Heaven in Prayer.

C-ome constantly to School ; learn every day
New Lessons, and advance in Virtues way.

D-elight in Learning, run in Virtues Race ;
For Virtues Sons in Honours School have place.

E-at and Drink sparingly, use moderation
In Diet, Labour, and in Recreation.

F-ollow the most accomplish'd Persons ever,
And to transcend in Godliness endeavour.

G-aming, Oaths, Drunkenness and Vicious Mates
Shun ; which the Soul of God Almighty hates.

H-onour your Parents, Governours and Friends,
Use no such Word or Action as offends.

I-mitate always those who most excell,
And strive to out-strip all in Doing well.

K-eep carefully what things thy trust require,
And hate to prove a Pilferer or Lyar.

L-augh not aloud, think well before you speak,
And imitate not Vessels that will leak.

M-ock not nor Scoff, nor Flout, nor Gybe, nor Jear,
Let no such Tares among thy Wheat appear.

N-ow in the Spring-time of your blooming Prime,
Be a good husband of your precious Time.

Obedience

Obedience wins respect with God and Man;
Of all your Virtues let that lead the Van.

Promise but slowly, but perform with speed;
First, to thy Heart; next, to thy Tongue take heed.

Quietness love, hate all debate and strife;
Inform your Mind, and well reform your Life.

Remember Death; think every day your last;
Lament your Vanity and Follies past.

Serve God; Read, Write, Converse and Meditate;
Prize Time, love Labour, to be Idle hate.

Take care to keep what you take pains to gain,
And all the prime things that you learn retain.

Unlearn what thou hast learn'd amiss, and treasure
Things up in Youth which may your Age most pleasure.

Win the Respect of all, give all their due;
Keep Money, which may, under God, keep you.

Extend thy Charity to all, hate none,
Strive to ease those who under Burthens groan.

Our diligence in Virtues School will praise you,
And to Preferment Learning soon will raise you.

Zealously Grace desire, and Truth defend;
Love, Righteousness, and Heaven will crown

The END.

CONCLUSION.

*Thus I accomplish'd have my small Designs,
Presenting you above a thousand Lines;
And I presume more Truths, with this presage,
They shall be us'd in Schools from Age to Age,
Till all our Arts, and Parts, and Time shall be
Swallowed with Immence ETERNITY.*

FINIS.